

"FORM" PLAYERS NOW TO HAVE THEIR INNING ON TURF

LOOK OUT FOR WHIMSICAL; SHE'S SECOND BELDAME

At Least, That's MacDonald's Tip—Ormondale Will Beat Accountant—Sysonby Gamest of Horses—Rainey's Blowing in Vast Fortune.

By J. S. A. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Now that the Suburban Handicap is a thing of the past and most every horse of any racing account is in active harness, the campaigners of the turf are settling down to a long session of strictly "form" playing.

There are very few horses which have not shown under colors now, and as a result of this the handicappers have been afforded a line on their 1906 class and form which, of course, means that these famous handicappers will not have to guess as much as they did in the earlier periods of the year, when a score of horses were daily coming to the post for the first time, after a long winter's lay-off.

To the end of the current Sheephead Bay meeting, and through the one to follow at Brighton Beach the public will bet with confidence and great will be the volume of play, a regular golden money carnival at Saratoga in August contributing a betting climax. Talking of the present wonderful gambling zest of the turf reminds me of the almost incomprehensible figures recently given out by a prominent bookmaker at Gravesend concerning the amount of money the layers took away from the New York public during the week ended June 16, at Gravesend.

Lost \$300,000 in Six Days.

According to the aforementioned bookmaker, the public lost \$300,000 during the six days, \$300,000 being handed over to the knights of the chalk on one day—Saturday, the 16th—when Blandy, at 6 to 5, Tradition, at 6 to 5, The Quail, at 4 to 5, and Sir Russell, at 9 to 10, all favorites, failed to race. The form and handicap figures, for years the tremendous amount of money that was won and lost in the London clubs in a day, or through a season, is cited to Americans as an example of the high gambling of the English sporting life. Just now there is more money being wagered on horse racing hereabouts than in London, England, and Paris, France, combined.

But, to get back to the form of the horses, now that they have been pretty much all on display, I would recommend particular attention being paid to Whimsical, the three-year-old daughter of Orlando-Kismet. Unless she becomes a second Beldame I lose my guess. T. J. Gaynor was offered \$30,000 for the fleet miss right after she had beaten Ormondale in the Standard Stakes by Harry Payne Whitney, but Gaynor smiled and nodded "No."

Whimsical Best Filly.

Gaynor is a poor man, but with a correct knowledge of just how much a first-class race horse, well engaged, can win in these days of \$20,000 stakes. An hour before Mr. Whitney had been informed of the breakdown of his Burgomaster, a truly wonderful horse, and as he stood in the Gravesend paddock closely eyeing Gaynor putting the saddle on Whimsical he became inspired of the idea of possessing himself of the filly. Gaynor's declination made the young millionaire stand straight up. "I guess you think you have a world beater there, Gaynor," said Whitney, as he turned on his heel. "Just as good, anyway," rejoined Gaynor.

Whimsical is the best three-year-old filly, with Flip Flap, owned by J. G. Bennett, and Harry Payne Whitney's Perverse, a daughter of Hamburg, next in order among three-year-olds of the sex.

The Watercress miss, Edna Jackson, has gone off in training, but will be good during the last week of the Sheephead Bay meeting, where she is well engaged in many fixtures. Ormondale is a better three-year-old colt than the over-rated Accountant, recently sold to the religiously inclined W. Harry Brown for \$40,000 to "Diamond Jim" Brady, who used to own the famous Gold Heels, winner of a Suburban Handicap.

Ormondale will beat Accountant every time they meet. There is something to remember.

Hamburg Belle Due.

In the older divisions, Hamburg Belle is a sweet race mate at the present time. She will win many a race between now and the opening up at Saratoga. Tradition is long overdue, too. Dandelion is a better class horse than Merry Lark, Inquisitor, or any of that class, but is now stalling off racing edge. Roseben is not nearly as good a horse as he was last year, while Lady Amelia is still fresh and the weight-carrying marvel of the hour.

Among the untied two-year-olds, James R. Keene has a nice Veto colt to introduce at Brighton Beach, while Woodford Clay's Orange and Blue will take a lot of beating from now on. Pegasus, from the Whitney Stable, is bound to win here at Sheephead Bay, for he has been working splendidly lately. Here are a few useful hints for the race players off the scene of active racing.

Death of Sysonby.

The death of the most wonderful race horse the American turf has ever known, Sysonby, on Sunday, June 17, at Sheephead Bay, is still a topic of widespread discussion among devotees of thoroughbred racing. As was well understood, as long ago as April the great horse was slowly dying on his feet from an incurable blood disease for weeks before the end came.

For some reason or other, James R. Keene and his trainer, James Rowe, always refuted the rumors of Sysonby's ill condition, which cropped up ever and anon in spite of the utmost secrecy being maintained by the owner, the trainer, and the special veterinarians. Sysonby died in a barn completely isolated from other of the Keene horses for fear of contagion, for despite the owner's assurance that the horse was improving and doing better, made six days before Sysonby's death, the neighboring trainers feared a case of glanders. As a matter of fact, Trainer Rowe went "into the air" completely and decided to take to chances in admitting Sysonby to be seriously ill.

Wanted to Shoot Him.

Sysonby bruised the coronet of his off hind hoof. Right in the center of the heel a bunch of tissue muscles had festered. Blood poisoning ensued and soon the entire system of the colt be-

came affected. Two days before Sysonby died his owner wanted to shoot him, but he was persuaded to abandon such an act, hoping against hope that Sysonby might recover. The death of Sysonby is not without its dramatic features. He passed away on Sunday at 1 p. m. Early in the day Trainer Rowe telephoned James R. Keene, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in the city, to come down to Sheephead Bay, saying: "Sysonby is worse." Keene rushed away forthwith in his automobile. Arriving at the stall door, Keene peered in on Sysonby walking around in a circle, evidently suffering intense agony. Kind as a kitten, as intelligent as a human, Sysonby stopped for a patting from the white-haired old owner. Ten minutes later while Keene, Rowe, and De Courcy Forbes sat in a nearby trackside restaurant having coffee a colored stable boy rushed in, crying, "The horse is down." Hurrying away from a deserted breakfast, the party was just in time to see Sysonby fall over dead.

Gamest of Horses.

Sysonby was the gamest horse that ever looked through a bridle. He died as he raced—on his feet—and never beaten until the final stride. An autopsy showed abnormally large lungs and a tremendous heart. When the cold chill of death crept into the latter, even supreme courage waned and gave place to the black visitor. James R. Keene has ruined and has made thousands of men in Wall Street. He is known as the heartless "White Bear" of the Street. Still, there is sentiment in the aged millionaire. He is to have Sysonby's carcass removed to Castleton Farm, Kentucky, where he was foaled. There, alongside Domino and Commando, Sysonby will be laid and a tablet, bearing the story of his triumphs, erected. Sysonby was a son of Optime, a mare purchased by Keene in England after she had been served by Melton, an Epsom Derby winner. After arrival in this country, Optime bore Sysonby. He was valued at \$200,000 and won for his owner \$187,000 in two years' racing.

Rainey's Blowing Fortune.

The Rainey have been resting on their oars for some time back, but will be large in the focus of betting affairs within the next week. Their good two-year-old, Morose E, is just rounding to, and with Willard J. may be expected to cut quite a swath in racing results from now on. The great ambition of the young Cleveland millionaire is to shine in the blazing sporting life of Saratoga during the forthcoming term in August.

Two wonderful young men are the Rainey, Paul and Roy. Both are this side of thirty. In appearance they are very tall and angular. Roy is quite seven feet, while Paul is somewhat taller. Rainey, sr., developed and owned at his death the more important of the Connellsville, Pa., coke ovens. The two boys, now so prominent on the turf, inherited about \$3,250,000 between them. From all accounts they are tossing off the dividends on horse racing. So long as they do not cut into the principal they are all right. In the meantime no tenderfoot owner ever had more obliging and attentive mentors than the Rainey's. They have a retinue of trainers, turf advisers, betting commissioners, and jockeys at their heels. De Mund, for which they paid \$45,000, is retired without having won a race for them, while the aforementioned Willard J. and Morose E. are the last triumphs of the \$20,000 collection of race horses they acquired during the last seven months.

A New Plunger.

A new plunger has come under observation during the last ten days. This is Henry Hanft. Starting on the back line with a \$2,000 bank roll three years ago, Hanft enjoyed a lucky streak and came into the big ring along with "Humming Bird" Tyler and the other invaders at the time of the ousting of the "Mets" by the Jockey Club. He is a slap-dash gambler, and as luck came his way so did unlimited money. Hanft is one out of the thousand who tried the bookmaking game only to fail. Just now Hanft is still playing on his luck and gameness as did "Riley" Grannan in the long ago.

Every bookmaker will remember Saturday, June 16, 1906, as long as he lives. So will the public. Four of the heaviest backed favorites of the year lost in succession. Hanft lays top prices against first choices and gets a world of small-money play at his book. After The Quail, a 4 to 5 favorite, but been beaten in the Brooklyn Derby by Belmore, Hanft had so many \$5 bills on hand that he was obliged to help his cashier cart them away in a small grip to the association offices until the close of the day. He won just \$23,852 on the day. But it is not all sunshine in the bookmaking business, for on Tuesday, in the Astoria Stakes running, where Hyperbole won at 1 to 1, Hanft was molested for \$18,600 by "Bob" Tucker, Eule Pearsall and "Charlie" Cella.

HANDSOME PRIZES FOR INTERNATIONAL RACES

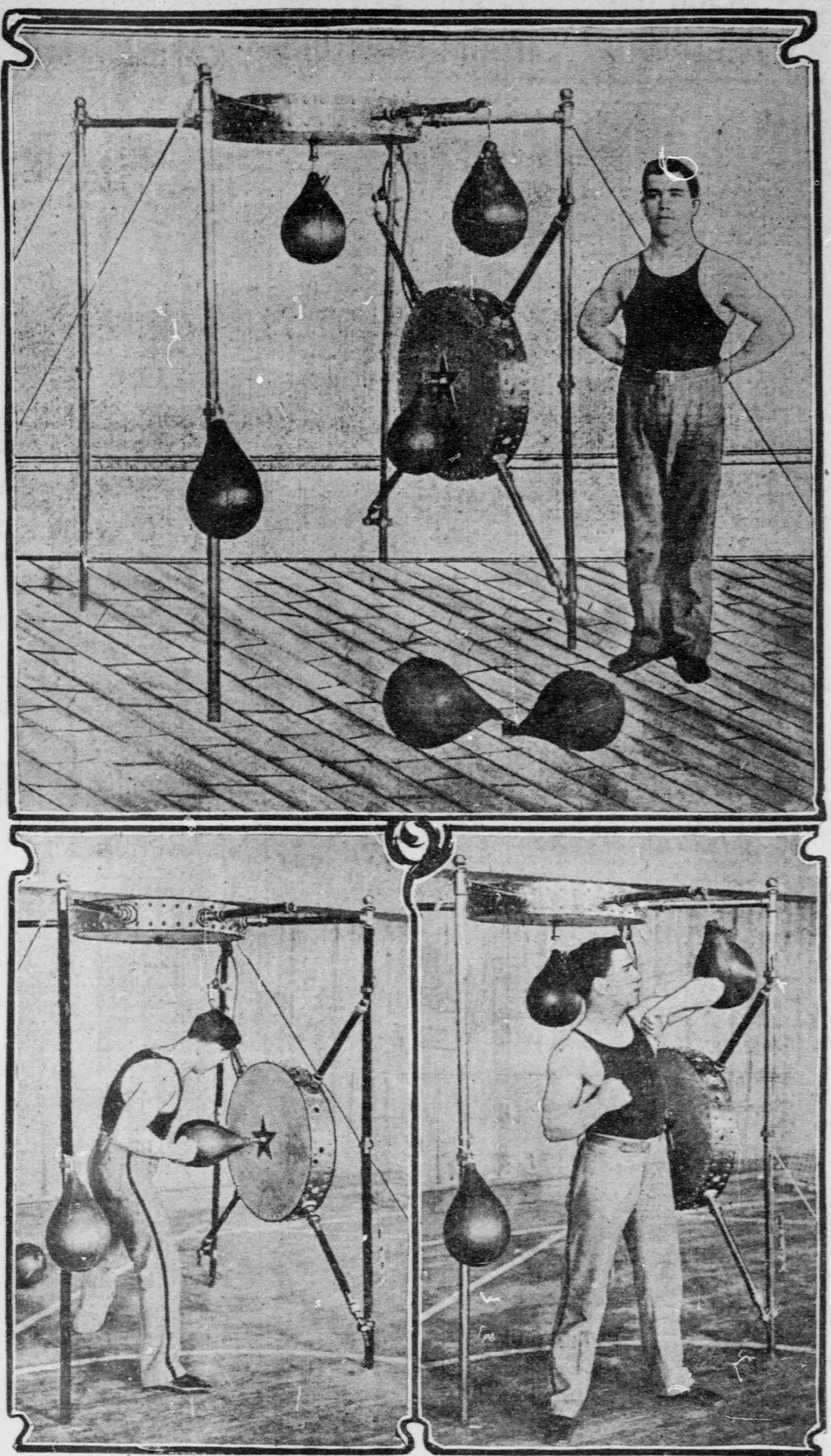
MELBOURNE, June 23.—According to the Melbourne Age, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., is anxious that crews from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, America and Australasia should take part in the next regatta of the Victoria Pals.

Toward this end he offers a prize of \$5,000 to the funds of the university whose crew wins an eight-oar contest. Sir Charles estimates that the cost to crews from the Antipodes—inclusive of traveling expenses, food, and lodging during the week's training over the course on the Zambesi—would be \$2,500 to \$3,000 per crew, but he considered the prospect of winning \$5,000 should prove a strong inducement to universities to provide the expenses of the selected eights.

ANACOSTIA ORGANIZED.

The Anacostia baseball team wants games with uniformed teams of Washington and suburbs. Line-up: Catchers, Fairall and King; pitchers, Bartlett, Padgett, and Barry; first base, Roach; second base, Moore; third base, McGrath; shortstop, Johnston; fielders, King, Burr, Fort, Bhatwara, Phillips. Address, John E. Fort, manager, or Shriver King, captain, Anacostia, D. C.

FRANK HUSEMAN AND HIS BAG PUNCHING OUTFIT



PUNCHING THE BAG NEVER MONOTONOUS.

PUNCHING THE BAG NEVER MONOTONOUS

Frank Huseman Tells Why He Thinks It Greatest of Exercises.

INSURES GRACEFULNESS

Faithful Student of the Art Can't Help Acquiring Easy Movements. Develops All Muscles.

By PROF. FRANK HUSEMAN.

In my experience as a professional wrestler, which I have been for the last ten years and today hold the 125-pound championship of America, I have taken exercises of all kinds, but the one I most recommend is bag-punching.

There is no part of the body which bag-punching does not develop, and while it does not produce great muscular development it results in symmetry of the human form with less actual effort than any other form of exercise. It has everything in its favor and cannot be condemned by the severest critic.

Other Exercises Monotonous.

The ordinary athletic exercises become painfully dull and tiresome when practiced alone, and only the most enthusiastic devotee has the courage to continue them without companionship or audience. With bag-punching it is different and therein lies its chief charm. The student works alone, for the bag is company enough. He studies out and tries move after move and always finds something new in that swinging ball of leather and rubber which is of interest. When I am training I work at it several hours a day, and have never yet found it monotonous. It has a beneficial effect upon every muscle, quickens the eye and makes a performer wonderfully accurate. It would be a difficult matter for a

consistent bag-puncher to be ungraceful. I do not say this egotistically, because I eliminate myself so far as this is concerned, but from my observations of others who have become interested in and practice the art. To a boxer it is of inestimable benefit, because he needs to be fast and accurate to gauge distance and to know how to reach a given point quickly. It also enables him to deliver a series of blows with remarkable rapidity. It also makes both hands equally available, which is a particularly strong point.

Easy to Learn.

Spending half an hour or more a day punching the bag and the benefit derived will be so great as to be almost unbelievable. The rudiments are not difficult to learn, so long as you begin right, and a little perseverance and practice will soon enable you to become master of even the most intricate movements, which are really not so difficult as they would at first seem.

It is not work, it is play—play with physical condition at the end, a clearer brain, stronger muscles and a brighter eye—the kind of play that stands off old age and awkwardness, and when all is said and done it is the kind that you and every other man, woman and child wants and should have.

Many persons think because they have never had any experience in punching the bag that it would be hard to learn, but that is where they make a big mistake. You can learn very quickly if you just put your mind on the work.

Is Not Expensive.

Of course, it would take a very large space to contain all the known movements in bag punching, but the foundation of them is here, and all you need is a good bag and platform. The expense to start will not be very large, and you will soon find it the best investment you ever made. You may not want to be a boxer, but it will certainly do you a lot of good to learn how to use your hands and how to strike a blow. Besides, you will find it a fascinating and entertaining sport of which you will never tire.

Always Wear Gloves.

When you first start don't work so fast as to produce physical exhaustion. Practice a few moments and then take a brief rest. Learn one movement at a time, always remembering that accuracy is the main thing. Work slow and sure. The greatest fault with beginners is vainly attempting to be

speedy before they understand how to hit the ball, and they thus lack precision from the start. Get one movement at a time and master it thoroughly before attempting another, because in the different styles many of these preliminary movements are constantly repeated, and progress is much more rapid when the performer is familiar with the work.

When punching the bag always wear gloves which are made for the purpose. Keep the fist tightly clinched and you will find that you will be better able to control the ball. So far as costume is concerned that is optional, but I suggest a sleeveless shirt, gymnasium pants and boxing shoes. Wear nothing that will impede the free movements of the body. Of course, if you intend to take off weight, and there is nothing that will do the trick quicker than working with a bag, you will wear a sweater.

Don't forget the most important part, a rub down when you have finished. Use a coarse towel and rub vigorously until the skin glows, and then follow with a cold sponge bath, which has a most invigorating effect.

How to Avoid Soreness.

In taking up any unusual exercise the muscles will probably become stiff and tender to the touch. A good liniment is composed of two parts witch hazel, one part alcohol, second, and a small quantity of arnica. This may be used liberally, and after the soreness has disappeared the arnica can be dispensed with. Such a simple lotion as this is beneficial when used after taking exercise of any kind. It is soothing, stimulates mildly, and closes the pores.

I assume that the average pupil knows enough to breathe through the nose instead of the mouth. Take the air into your system properly and your health will be greatly improved. The mouth was not made as a means of introducing air into the lungs except in case of emergency. When working with the bag breathe regularly, and above all things abandon heavy weight lifting. Leave big dumb bells alone.

Personally, I prefer the pear-shaped bag, as it is more durable and speedy. Assuming that you have no platform of any kind, there is nothing to prevent you from getting a bag and swivel and working on the side walls or floor, as shown in the picture. This work can be made very interesting and beneficial.

ONLY BRITISH PLAYERS ON ENGLISH BALL TEAMS

American Catchers Will Be Tolerated Until Foreigners Learn the Trick—Maher's Success Growing—Spear-mint a Lucky Find—Saw Eighty Derbys.

LONDON, June 23.—British baseball is to be British baseball. This has been decided upon by the British Baseball Association.

Not only has the association decided that no American shall play any position save catcher in a championship game, but as soon as the British players become accustomed to the work behind the bat the inhibition will be extended and none but British players will be allowed to take part in championship games. This applies to American amateurs as well as professional players. There will, of course, be American players in practice games, and in all probability American professionals will be employed for a time in coaching the team. It is the purpose, however, of those active in the movement to establish baseball on a permanent and solid foundation here to bar all who have learned the game in the States.

There is wisdom in this. The popularity the game already has achieved is wonderful in view of the traditional British conservatism. The games so far have been well attended and the attendance is on the increase.

Danny Maher, the great American jockey, celebrated the visit of President Roosevelt's daughter at the Ascot races on Tuesday by capturing two fine races. He took the Coventry stakes on Lord Rosebery's Traquair, and the Ascot Biennial on W. Raphael's My Pet. The conjunction of Mrs. Longworth's visit to the course and Danny Maher's winning was a fine thing for the Americans in London. The first attracted them to the races in unusually large numbers and they naturally followed their hard riding compatriot in their bets.

Maher has struck his stride at last and is riding with phenomenal skill and success. Both in number of wins and in percentage he is steadily forging ahead. It is a long time since a jockey has placed to his credit the Derby, the Oaks, and the Grand Prix de Paris, to nothing of a host of minor races. Nobody begrudges the young American his success. He is not only a master hand as a jockey but personally is a quiet, unassuming little chap with a faculty for making friends.

There has been some talk of Danny quitting the turf and taking up automobile racing after this season, but this has died out in the face of his great success this season. He probably will be seen in the saddle for many seasons yet.

The racing so far this season has been of the finest kind. Close finishes have been the rule rather than the exception and the handicappers appear to have gotten in unusually correct time in the races. At Epsom ten races, nearly half of those run, were won by heads and necks, and while the percentage at Ascot is not so high there have been enough close finishes to satisfy the most eager seekers for exciting racing.

Major Eustace Loder, owner of Spear-mint, is being generally congratulated on

his good fortune in winning the Derby and Grand Prix with Spear-mint. This is a double win which has not been made before in a generation. Spear-mint was bought as a yearling for £300 and has proven one of the very best horses of the year. Major Loder is one of the most deservedly popular men on the British turf.

Announcement is made of another broken record. An old man named Dearly has seen just eighty consecutive Derbys run. He saw his first when a lad of nine years and has seen every one since.

The first Oaks was run in 1779, and was won by the Earl of Derby. The last was run in 1905 and was won by the Earl of Derby.

The Dwight Davis International tennis trophy will remain in England for another year. The result of the recent contest for the trophy was not unexpected. In fact, the Americans put up a very much better fight than was looked for and if Beals C. Wright had been able to play it is barely possible that the result would have been different. The Americans did not win a single game, but in more than half of them they forced the British champions to play the strongest games in their power in order to win. The closeness of the contest doubtless will encourage the Americans to make another try next year.

Kiel will be the center of the yachting world next week. The Kaiser himself is the patron saint of the Kiel regatta and the best yachts in Germany, France, and England and other European yachting nations will take part. A number of American built boats will compete in the various events and some fine racing may be looked for.

The value of the Grand Prix de Paris this year was \$50,000, which, as well as that of last year, is below the average. The total gate receipts of the day were \$66,800, as against \$52,013 last year and \$64,889 in 1904.

The Paris mutual receipts reached the record of \$1,031,545, against \$950,146 last year, showing an increase of nearly \$80,000. The bets on the Grand Prix alone were \$450,332, against \$235,556 last year.

FRED BEELL IS ANXIOUS TO MEET JOHN ROONEY

CHICAGO, June 23.—Fred Beell, the wrestler, who has defied all the big fellows and has found very few men who wished to risk a grapple with him, is so anxious to meet John Rooney that he will waive all the conditions usually imposed by wrestlers as the terms of a match. "I ask no side bet," says Beell. "These \$1,000 side bets are usually purely imaginary, anyway. All I ask of Rooney or any other man is to come forward and wrestle."

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